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THE CAMP AND THE CROSS.

It was Commencement week at Wofford College. There was an address to be delivered to the alumni. The orator selected for the occasion was a former graduate. His theme was Patriotism, and from it, he seemed to have caught inspiration. Eloquence, chaste yet impassioned, flowed from his lips, and you felt that the speaker was ready to illustrate practically, the sublime virtue he was so enthusiastically portraying.

Those who that day heard him exclaim, "God grant, that ere Death's scythe shall cut me down, this arm may strike one blow for Southern Rights," felt, in after times, that the inspiration of the eloquence of that occasion, was akin to prophecy.

The date of that address was nearly five months antecedent to the passing of the ordinance of secession of South Carolina from the Northern States, but the public mind was then prepared for the momentous action. The orator, on the occasion of which we have spoken, was, though young in years, an old secessionist. At the State Convention (held in June of that same year of the secession,) of which he was a member, his spirit-stirring speech there contained this sentiment: "I was a secessionist before I knew what the word meant, except *resistance to oppression.*"

At the first call for volunteers to defend his State, promptly did he respond. He left for Charleston 2d January, 1861, in the first company sent from Columbia, (the artillery,) commanded by Capt. Green. The night before he left, he met around the family altar and prayer was specially made for him.

He had, at an early age, made a profession of religion, con.

necting himself with the church; but, by the temptations of college life, had been led into forbidden paths of pleasure. Yet we always felt that the child of so many prayers, though erring and straying for a while, would surely return to the fold at last. Little did we deem by what way he was to be led. How could we think by that most unlikely one, the camp? But I anticipate.

His mother gave him a Bible which he promised her to read, and which afterwards, by the marks in it from his pencil, she knows he did read; and, when he arrived at the Fort, his destination, on opening his trunk, which was sent to him, the first thing that his eyes must have lighted on was a paper containing the following:

"My Beloved Son,—In the day, yea, in the very hour you were born, I gave you, soul and body, to God. That gift I have never reclaimed, but a thousand times have I, on my knees, with a full heart, renewed it. I do now renew that gift. I also now give you to your country, humbly praying that the God of your father may be your God, that He may make you useful to your country, and that He may protect you and save your life; or, if it be His will that you must die, that He will convert and save your precious never-dying soul.

Your affectionate

FATHER."

His letters home, we could not but perceive, were written in a more serious vein than usual. He wrote of "praying," of "trying to do his duty towards God and man," of "hoping, that God in His mercy would pardon his sins, for Christ's sake." Death was menacing them every moment, from their exposed situation in gun range of Fort Sumter. Anderson had threatened to open his guns upon them if they fired upon any vessel coming in. Still they determined upon that dar-

ing act, which they soon put into execution, firing upon the "Star of the West." Then the "Brooklyn" was expected in. They were but few in number, and at that time poorly prepared to repel the force that likely would be brought against them in disputing her passage. Still they purposed to do this, though at cost of their lives. Their work was exceedingly arduous, often twenty-four hours on duty, and exposed to the rain and sleet of mid-winter. The incessant toil and excitement began to tell upon his fine constitution and hitherto uninterrupted health, but the long night watches, and lonely hours in the hospital, afforded time for reflection, and the imminent danger of death, at any moment, evinced the necessity of prayer.

After a night of great exposure, and having been suddenly called from his bed to his gun, he was taken with a chill attended by some fever. This was the beginning of *the end*. He delayed too long to obtain a sick furlough. When he came home, oh! what a wreck! how different from the gay, gallant craft that had left with streamers and pennons flying, to the sound of martial music and the cheering of loud huzzas!

On his arrival at home, we immediately sent for a physician, who did not apprehend a very serious attack. When all had left the room but his mother, he said:

"Mother, come near me, I want to kiss you, and tell you I have been your good boy ever since I went to the island. Mother, I am coming back to you."

She replied:

"My son, I have nothing to complain of as regards myself, but you know you have wandered far from your father's God."

"Yes, I know it," said he, "but I am coming back to Him too."

Stifling her emotion, his mother said:

"God bless you, my child," but did not encourage him to

converse farther, conscious as she was that he needed rest and quiet, but afterwards she said to his father, "do take an opportunity early to-morrow morning to speak to W. on the subject of religion, for I am sure he desires it."

So, early the next day, Sunday, his father held with him the following conversation :

"My dear son, it may be, that your Heavenly Father, foreseeing what is to happen, has brought this sickness upon you, in order that you may retire awhile from the bustle and excitement of the camp, and have time to prepare for whatever is to come."

He replied :

"Father, I have been praying a great deal, and I believe my prayers have been heard and answered, and I believe that if death now comes, I shall be ready."

His father replied :

"My son, a preparation for death is the best preparation for life. Do you think that you have made peace with God?"

"Yes," said he ; "I have been trying, and think I have."

On Monday morning his father said to him :

"My dear son, are you trying to look to God?"

"Yes, father," said he, "I am looking to God, and have been looking to Him for some time."

"My son, how long have you been thinking seriously about your soul?"

"Nearly ever since I went to the island. I would, if it were God's will, rather live longer to see how they get on with the Fort; but I do trust fully in God, and confide in my Saviour. He will do what is right."

"My son, you know perfect resignation to the will of God is the best thing for the body as well as for the soul."

"Oh! I do feel perfect resignation to the will of God—I have no fear of death—I am not afraid to die."

Well was it for us that we had these satisfactory assurances of a great and saving change having taken place, for, on Monday evening, the delirium of typhoid fever came on, which never entirely left him until soul and body parted. During all those hours of delirium, the two themes, religion and patriotism, were, from his expressions, alternately and uppermost in his thoughts, his military phrases and the language of Canaan, blending, though incongruously, yet to us most affectingly, for we knew the exercises of his mind that had given rise to them. Once he said, "Father, I know that you have often said a man must be willing to give up all and leave everything to preach the gospel; but how about taking that Fort? that *has* to be taken."

How mysterious are God's dealings with His children! Our prayers are answered sometimes in the strangest way, still, that they are answered, in any way, let us be grateful. When his parents prayed God to lead their child back to the Saviour, little did they deem it was to be by the camp, for they thought that a place of peculiar temptation and danger, for both soul and body, which belief, no doubt, was the means of inciting them to more fervent prayers for the beloved one so exposed to its influences. The gates of hell shall not prevail against prayer, and, thank God, prayer can be made, heard and answered as well in the camp as in the pulpit.

This young man was wreathed with buds of promise. Fame, in the world of letters, at his early age, twenty-three, had already placed on his young brow a fair chaplet of laurel. He had, before a month's service, been promoted for soldierly conduct. Judge Longstreet, President of the South Carolina College, has written of him thus:

"His last public address was on Patriotism, and the last scene of his life was a beautiful illustration of it. He was among the first to volunteer in the service of the State after

her *second* declaration of independence. He was assigned to the defence of Fort Moultrie. Here he renewed his covenant with his *Maker*, and now, uniting in himself the Christian, the scholar and the soldier, he discharged his duties to the admiration of all. Called suddenly from his bed to his gun upon a raw and chilly night, exposed to its severities through many hours, he contracted the disease which terminated his existence. He lived to reach the paternal home, leave his parents the last consolation in their bereavement, and died—*the first martyr to Southern independence.*”

OUT ALL NIGHT.

Out all night! the long dark night!
 When cold and wintry blew the blast—
 It seemed the night would ne’er be past,
 Nor ever dawn the morning light.

Call’d from his sick bed to his gun,
 There stood he at his *duty’s post*,
 And there, altho’ his life he lost,
 He there immortal honor won.

That night’s sore toil his life-blood sapp’d—
 A few weeks and that spirit brave
 Lay cold and lifeless in the grave,
 All in funereal silence wrapp’d.

Yet, ’tis no dim, sepulchral lamp
 That lightens up that lonely tomb,
 Dispelling every cloud of gloom,
 Which else had been so drear and damp.

For Fame has lighted up the place,
 That brightest Fame for duty done,
 And Faith, that’s brighter than the sun,
 Enhaloes it with rays of grace.

THE CAMP AND THE CROSS.

Pray in the camp! yes, in the camp
God hears and answers prayer;
What though the place to kneel is damp,
And raw and chill the air;
What though the sun pour down his rays
On the unsheltered head,
Yet there's the place the God of grace
Full many a soul hath led
Unto the Cross—the blessed Cross—
The Cross of Calvary;
Thank God that everywhere on earth,
Our eyes that Cross may see.

Our God is not confined to place—
Not to the temple's dome
Doth He restrict His grace,
But bids His kingdom come,
Wherever there's a praying heart.
In camp, as cloister-cell,
To the praying heart He'll grace impart;
What, to *Him*, *where we dwell*?
So that in view we keep the Cross—
The Cross of Calvary;
Thank God that everywhere on earth
Our eyes that Cross can see.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my bark foreboding cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

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